WHEN MOTHER LETS US PLAY

The May-Pole.

WHEN MOTHER LETS US PLAY

By ANGELA M. KEYES

HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH IN THE BROOKLYN TRAINING SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS

ILLUSTRATED BY ADA BUDELL

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INTRODUCTION

My dear Children:

Here is a whole book of Play I have written for you. I know you will like it. What fun you will have being the traveling showman! and building a theatre to give a merry puppet play! and putting up the mysterious shadow screen!! Grownups as well as boys and girls like yourself will enjoy guessing the charades. And what splendid stories you will tell, especially at night, in the winter, before the open fire.

If you have half so good a time playing this book as I have had writing it for you, I shall be content.

A last word, be sure to invite father and mother to the Pageant of New Year's Resolutions; they will find in it a joy deeper than you can know.

With best wishes of

ANGELA M. KEYES.

NEW YORK CITY, July, 1911.

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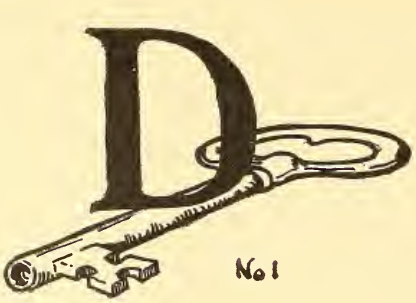
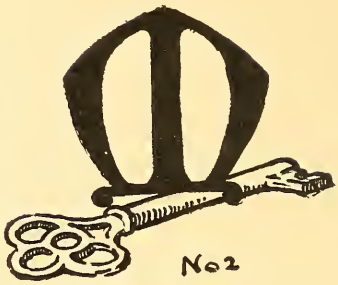
There was once a simple boy and once a simple girl,
And they met one day with their brains in a whirl;
Said the boy, "Can you guess what's the word that isn't *yes?*"
Said the girl, "Maybe so. Do you think it can be *no?*"





Picture Names of Animals.

PUZZLES

PICTURE NAMES OF ANIMALS

What animal does the picture name?

1
2
3
4
5

Make some pictures of your own. Try *starling, swallow, bluebird, reindeer, turkey, fox.* Think of others.

While we play the play out,
You make the charade out.

PLAYING CHARADES

Grown-ups as well as children will enjoy seeing you play the charades.

A back room with a curtain or a folding screen is a good place to play. Two of you should take charge of the curtain. Another should run the play. When everything is ready this girl or boy may step before the curtain and tell that the charade to be played is the name of a story (or a rhyme) well known to boys and girls. He explains that each word of the name will be played and then the whole name.

After the play the audience tries to guess the name.

If you wish you may give the play on father's or mother's or one another's birthday. Learn your parts and practice once or twice before the time comes. It is not necessary to "dress up," but, if you don't overdo it, it is fun. You will find with each play hints about dressing up.

TOM THUMB

PLAYERS

Of first word: Tom, butcher, customer, boys and girls.
Of second word: Leader, several boys and girls.
Of whole name: King, queen, lords, ladies, pages, harper, Tom Thumb.

COSTUMES

(If desired.)

Butcher:—Butcher's apron and sleeves, knife.
King:—Crown (cardboard), ermine trimming on cloak (cotton batting with black spots), sword and sceptre (cardboard).
Queen:—Crown, ermine on gown, train.
Ladies:—Trains, fans.
Pages:—Velvet.
Tom Thumb (very small child):—Gauzy jacket and trousers, sword, cap with feather.
Harper:—Long flowing cloak, gray beard, harp (cardboard).

TOM

SCENE: Street showing butcher shop (big sign will do, pig hanging up); girls or boys playing nearby.

(*Tom comes along whistling, and sees the pig hanging outside the butcher's shop. He looks around to see that no one is watching, and makes off with it. As he does so, some of the children turn around and see him. They cry to the others,* "O look at Tom; he's stealing a pig." *A customer goes into the store. The butcher comes out to get the pig. He finds it gone.*)

Butcher (speaking to the boys): What's become of my pig?

Boys: Tom took it.

Butcher: Who?

Boys: Tom.

Butcher: Ha, Tom, the piper's son. Worthless fellow!

(He goes after Tom, the boys at his heels. The customer, with an angry toss of the head, goes home. Soon back runs Tom down the street, crying loudly. After him come the butcher and the children. At his shop door the butcher shakes his fist at Tom and goes in.)

The children (singing out mockingly after Tom):

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run!
The pig was eat, Tom was beat,
And he ran crying down the street.
Boo-hoo-Tom!
Boo-hoo-Tom!

It was you, Tom!
It was you, Tom!
Boo-hoo-Tom!
Boo-hoo-Tom.
(CURTAIN)

II

THUMB

SCENE:—A room showing children playing the game "Simon Says."

(The players sit in a row. They clasp their hands, thumbs down. The leader gives the commands. The players must obey only when the command begins with

"Simon Says.")

Leader: Simon Says, "Thumbs up."

(All the players except one put up their thumbs.)

This player: The right thumb or the left thumb?

Leader: Did I say which thumb? You must pay a forfeit. Say quickly:

A thumb tumbled
Against a thumb.
Did a thumb
Tumble against a thumb?
If a thumb tumbled

Against a thumb,
Where is the thumb
That tumbled against a thumb?

(The player does so.)

Leader (going on with the game): Simon Says, "Thumbs down."

(The players obey.)

Leader: "Wiggle waggle, wiggle waggle."

(One player obeys.)

Leader: Pay a forfeit, Simon did not say it. Do this quickly (showing him):

Wiggle waggle, (The player must keep both thumbs twirling.)
Wiggle waggle,
Wiggle waggle wum!
First the right, (The player moves the right thumb as fast as he can.)
Then the left (He changes to the left.)
Thumb, thumb, thumb. (He moves one after the other.)

(CURTAIN)

III

TOM THUMB

Scene: The king and queen on a throne, pages behind, lords near king, ladies near queen, at distance a harper playing.

(Suddenly Tom Thumb appears. One of the ladies in waiting catches sight of him.)

Lady: Look, your majesty, what a queer wee mannie!

(One of the lords picks up Tom Thumb and carries him on his shoulder to the king.)

King: Who are you? Whence did you come?

Tom:

My name is (Tom Thumb), (The name is to be hummed, not said.)
From the fairies I've come.
When King Arthur shone,
This court was my home,
In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted,
Did you never hear of (Sir Thomas Thumb)? (The name is to be hummed.)

(CURTAIN)

BLUEBEARD

PLAYERS

Of first word: A group of children.
Of second word: Snow-White, Rose-Red, dwarf.
Of whole name: Bluebeard, wife, Sister Anne, two brothers.

COSTUMES

(If desired.)

Snow-White (a fair-haired child):—White; blue ribbons.
Rose-Red (a dark red-cheeked child):—White; red ribbons.
Dwarf:—Brown, long pointed shoes, cut down at sides and up at back, pointed hood, long white beard (tow, will do).
Bluebeard:—Loose dressing gown over baggy trousers, bright-colored silk handkerchief bound around the head as a turban, short sword of silver cardboard, beard of bluish color.

BLUE

(The children stand in a group and sing the verses to any simple joyous tune they may choose or make up.)

What is blue?
Baby's eyes are blue
Like chinks of heaven coming through;
An angel shut them in her eyes
To light her safely down the skies.

What is blue? (Holding up the flowers.)
Bluebells are blue;
Forget-me-nots of the same bright hue,
Wherever by the road they blow,
They tell you of someone you know.

What is blue? (Looking up.)
The sky is blue,
With moon and stars shining through,
The Milky Way all ghostly white
With track of spirits passed to light.

(Every second child faces backwards. All take hands. Keeping hold, they glide along slowly, moving in and out like a winding stream.)

What is blue?
The river is blue,
On it goes past me and you
To cast itself on ocean's breast,
Though long it may not stay to rest.

(The players, with as little breaking of the line as possible, change the winding line into a circle, all now facing in. They move around as they sing,)

Blue is the river that floweth by,
Blue as a flower is baby's eye,
Blue is a sign of all things true,
The starry sky is the deepest blue.

(CURTAIN)

BEARD

(Snow-White and Rose-Red are in a wood picking up sticks for the fire. They see something near a tree, bobbing back and forth.)

(PLANTS PUT HERE AND THERE WILL DO FOR THE WOOD.)

Snow-White: What can that be, Rose-Red?

Rose-Red: Don't be afraid, Snow-White. Let us go and see.

(They go nearer and see a dwarf with an old withered face and a very long snow-white beard. He has an ax in his hand. The end of the beard is caught in a crack of the tree, and the little fellow is jumping backward and forward like a dog tied to a rope. He glares at the girls with fiery eyes.)

Dwarf: Why do you stand there? Can you not come here and help me?

Rose-Red: What are you about there, little man?

Dwarf: You stupid, prying goose! I had just driven the wedge in to split the tree to get

a little wood for cooking. But the horrid wood was too smooth and the wedge flew out. The tree closed quickly and caught my beautiful white beard!

(The children tug at the beard but cannot get it out.)

Rose-Red: I will run and fetch someone.

Dwarf (snarls, pulling at his beard): You silly goose! and leave my beautiful beard this way!

Snow-White: Don't be cross. I will help you.

(She takes scissors out of her pocket and cuts off end of his beard.)

Dwarf (stamping about in rage): Stupid things to cut off a piece of my beard!

(CURTAIN)

BLUEBEARD

(The two sisters, Fatima, Bluebeard's wife, and Anne, are seated embroidering. In comes Bluebeard. He has arrived home before they expect him. The sisters are startled. They rise and bow before him. Anne then leaves the room. Fatima goes forward to meet him. She shrinks from him as he comes near.)

Bluebeard: Well, little wife, my business is done sooner than I expected.

Fatima (in rather trembling tones): So I see, my lord.

Bluebeard (looking at her sharply): Bring me my keys.

(Fatima goes out. She brings them and hands them over with shaking fingers.)

Bluebeard (searching among them): I do not find here the key of the blue chamber, which I forbade you to open.

Fatima (in frightened tones): I must have left it in my room.

Bluebeard (sternly): Bring it then, at once.

(She pauses in terror, then goes out, and brings back the key.)

Bluebeard (looking at the key): There is blood on this key. How came it there?

Fatima (trembling with fright): I—I—

Bluebeard (fiercely): You know well, madam, how it came there. And I know too; you have opened the blue chamber against my orders. I hope you were pleased with what you saw. In another moment you yourself will be there with the rest.

(He seizes her and drags her along the ground.)

Fatima (shrieking): My lord, my lord; do not kill me! I will never disobey you again.

Bluebeard (dragging her along): I'll take care of that.

Fatima: Give me a few minutes to pray. Only a few minutes, dear lord.

Bluebeard (flinging her down): I will give you one quarter of an hour; not a moment longer.

(Fatima rushes out. Bluebeard goes out by another door. Anne comes into the room and looks out the window.)

Fatima (calling from behind scenes): Sister Anne! Sister Anne! Do you see anyone coming?

Anne: I see nothing but the sun glowing, and the grass growing.

Fatima (a few minutes later): Sister Anne! Sister Anne! Do you see anyone coming?

Anne: I see nothing but the dust whirling.

Fatima (eagerly): Oh! is it my brothers?

Anne: Alas, no; I see now it is naught but a flock of sheep.

Bluebeard (outside, shouts): The time is up. Come down!

Fatima: I am coming.

Fatima (calling again): Sister Anne! Sister Anne! Do you see anyone coming?

Anne: I see two horsemen, but they are a great way off.

Fatima (joyfully): God be praised; they are my brothers.

Bluebeard (striding in, with short sword in hand, and speaking in a voice of thunder): Come down! or I will fetch you.

(Anne runs out.)

Fatima (coming in slowly, throws herself at her husband's feet): Mercy, mercy! Grant me only a little time.

Bluebeard: Your tears will not move me. You must die.

(Again he seizes her by the hair and raises his arm to strike. At this moment a horn sounds a loud blast. Bluebeard rushes out to see who it is. He is met by the brothers, who fall upon him and kill him. Fatima and Anne, who has followed her brothers, embrace each other with joy.)

(SINGING BEHIND SCENES TO SAME TUNE AS USED WITH THE FIRST WORD):

Blue is a sign
Of all things true—
But whisper low,
And I'll tell to you
That beards on chins
Are not true blue.

(CURTAIN)

OLD KING COLE

PLAYERS

Of first word:—Old lady, child.
Of second word:—King, queen, herald, pages, lords, ladies, child, old man, two kings, soldiers.
Of third word:—Peddler, old woman, lazy boy, mother, other buyers.
Of whole title:—King, two pages, three fiddlers, courtiers.

OLD

(An old lady sits in an armchair, knitting. A child is playing about the floor. After a minute or two the old lady lets her knitting fall into her lap and drops asleep, smiling. The child turns around, rests his chin on his hands, and looks at her. Soon he begins to think aloud about her.)

Child: Grandmother is very old. Her face is all wrinkled and her hair is white. But her eyes, when they're open and she's telling stories, shine like two bright stars. Grandmother can tell wonderful stories. She's so old she must know a great deal. Why, she was alive before father and mother; she must be very, very old!

KING

(A boy is sitting among his playmates shaping a gold paper band into a crown. The others are looking at a book, in which they have been reading of a king. The boy begins to play being king. The others join in the play.)

Boy:

If I were a king (Putting on crown.)
I'd wear a crown,
And hold my court
In this very town.
I'd take my place
On my throne of gold,
And hear the wrongs
Of young and old.

(One girl plays the queen. Pages hold up or make believe to hold up the king's and queen's train. Ladies stand near queen, lords near king.)

With a wave of my sceptre (Waving his sceptre.)
I'd summon my slaves
To drive from the town
All wicked knaves.

(A herald with trumpet at his lips cries, "Oyez, Oyez! Let anyone who has been wronged come to the king." A boy leading an old man comes in.

He and the old man kneel before the king, and point to one of the lords.)

(Two king's soldiers appear; they drive out the lord.)

Then I'd give a great feast
And a splendid ball
And invite all my subjects
From hut to hall.

(All form in procession: herald with trumpet at lips, king and queen with pages holding trains, lords and ladies two by two, old man and boy, others.)

(CURTAIN)

COLE (Coal)

(Along comes a pedler with a cart or wheelbarrow of coal.)

Pedler (sings):

Coal, coal, coal,
To keep old Winter out!
Coal, coal, coal,
Good housewives, all come out.

(Out hobbles a little old woman with a small pail.)

Pedler (stopping, and taking up his shovel): How much do you want, Goody?

Old woman (in high squeaky voice): Not so fast, Master Pedler, not so fast. How do you sell your coal?

Pedler (singing, as he fills the scuttles of one or two others, who have come out):

Sixpence the bushel,
Three pence the pail,
If I don't give good measure
Then send me to jail.

Old woman (in coaxing tone): Take two pence now from a poor old woman; there's a sweet lad.

Pedler (getting ready to move on):

Sixpence the bushel,
Three pence the pail;
If I don't give good measure
Then send me to jail.

Old woman (holding up her small pail): Such a little pail, sweet lad—

Pedler (catching it up):

A pail! nay, 'tis a cup!
For one penny, Goody,
I'll fill this up.

(He does so. The old woman fishes up a penny from a deep pocket, and hobbles off with the coal, in high good humor.)

Pedler (moving off):

Coal, coal, coal,
To keep old Winter out,

Coal, coal, coal,
Good housewives, all come out.

(As he disappears an angry woman with sleeves rolled up pushes forward a sleepy boy. She thrusts a scuttle into the boy's hand.)

Angry woman: There, sleepy head, he's gone now and I haven't a bit of coal in the house. Of all the lazy—

(She makes a clutch at the boy. He dodges and runs off.)

Pedler (in distance):

Coal, coal, coal,
To — — —

(CURTAIN)

OLD KING COLE

(King Cole, fat and merry-looking, sits on a throne. A page stands at either side, a step or two back. Three fiddlers are at the rear of the room, one sleeping, the others laughing and talking.

King Cole (in loud hearty tone):

What ho!
My pipe and bowl.

(The pages advance and with a bow present them. King Cole takes a long drink and puffs at his pipe.)

King Cole:

And now, bully boys,
Let's have some noise;
Call up our fiddlers three!

(One of the king's officers orders them forward, shaking the sleeping one so hard that the poor man rolls on the ground. Here he sits up, rubs his bumped head, sees the other fiddlers going forward, seizes his fiddle and catches up with them.

The fiddlers begin to play, the king keeping time with his foot and his pipe. From behind the scenes comes the song to the fiddlers' tune:)

SONG

(Old King Cole) (This line hummed, not said.)
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

And every fiddler had a fine fiddle
And a very fine fiddle had he,
"Twiddle dee, twiddle dee!"
Said the fiddlers three:
Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With (King Cole) (Name is to be hummed, not said.)
and his fiddlers three.

(CURTAIN)

Spinning Tales.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ALICE

Little children are seated in a circle an older child telling them this story:

Little Alice
In a palace
Peaked and
Pined away,
Till the doctor
Said, quite solemn:
"She must run
And play
With the healthy
Village children
All the livelong day!"

So they sent
An invitation
Instant on its way
To the blacksmith's
Little daughter
To come up and play
In the palace
With sweet Alice;
And as sure as you
When they asked her

What her name was
She said Alice too!

So that Alice
In a palace
Runs and romps all day,
And that other now no longer
Peaks and pines away.

(CURTAIN)

IN

(Boy or girl calls to playmates, who are hiding:)

Come in, come in,
Wherever you are!
Come in, come in,
Wherever you are!

They run in, crying, "What's the matter?"

The one who called asks, "Is everyone in?" "Yes, yes," answer the others.

"Then you're in and I'm out," shouts he, making off.

(CURTAIN)

WONDERLAND

Some boys (or girls) arrive at a strange place. They look about in wonder at a shrinking giant, a dwarf, and a riddling hand. The giant stalks up

and down, shrinking and stretching. The dwarf grins at them. The hand gives them a riddle.

To play the shrinking giant: Put a giant's false face and wig on the straw end of a sweeping-broom. Fasten a stick or a clothes-hanger to form the shoulders of the giant. Over this hang a very long cloak. Now carry the broom, head up, covering yourself with the cloak. Make yourself tall or short by moving the broom handle up and down.

To play the dwarf: You need two for this part. One stands behind a table covered with a cloth that hides him from the waist down. He slips his hands into a child's socks and small shoes placed on the table. The other hidden behind this one, passes his arms round the first so that his hands look from the front like the dwarf's hands. The dwarf may wear a pointed beard and a peaked cap or a turban.

To play the riddling hand: Stand behind a screen or curtain and thrust out your right hand, putting down the fourth and fifth fingers. Hold the first finger straight up, and the middle finger at a slant between the thumb and first finger. On the top joint of the first finger, mark out a face in charcoal. Put on the finger a brightly-colored handkerchief knotted at one corner. (The little man now wears a cap. The rest of the handkerchief forms his robe.) When you ask the riddle, make the little man nod his head and wave his arms, as if it is he who is speaking.

Hand (giving the riddle): How many wonders in Wonderland?

One of the children: What a question!

Another: Nobody knows the answer to it.

Hand: That's what makes it a riddle!

The children: Oh, it's a riddle, is it?

Hand: Yes. How many wonders in Wonderland?

A child: Why, one, of course!

Giant (stalking up): Which one? I'm a wonder!

Dwarf (waving his arms and grinning horribly): So am I!

Finger (wagging up and down, screams): So am I.

The child: I don't mean that at all. I mean in *Wonderland.*

The three begin to cry, "I'm the wonder of all Wonderland. I—"

(CURTAIN)

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

PLAYERS

Alice: A little girl.

The Mock Turtle: A taller girl or boy wearing over his ordinary clothes stiff paper or leather shaped and painted to look like turtle shell.

The Gryphon: A girl or boy, taller than Alice, wearing over his clothes something whose upper half looks like an eagle's head and whose lower half looks like a lion's skin.

WHAT THE PLAYERS DO

The three players, Alice in the centre, do and say what is told below:

(From Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland.")

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and drew the back of one flapper across his eyes. He looked at Alice and tried to speak, but, for a minute or two, sobs choked his voice. "Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon; and it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle, with tears running down his cheeks, went on again:

"You may not have lived much under the sea—("I haven't," said Alice)—and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster—(Alice began to say, "I once tasted—" but checked herself hastily, and said, "No, never")—so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster-Quadrille is!"

"No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of dance is it?"

"Why," said the Gryphon, "you first form into a line along the sea-shore—"

"Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle. "Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on: then, when you've cleared all the jellyfish out of the way—"

"*That* generally takes some time," interrupted the Gryphon.

"—you advance twice—"

"Each with a lobster as a partner!" cried the Gryphon.

"Of course," the Mock Turtle said; "advance twice, set to partners—"

"—change lobsters, and retire in same order," continued the Gryphon.

"Then, you know," the Mock Turtle went on, "you throw the—"

"The lobsters!" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.

"—as far out to sea as you can—"

"Swim after them!" screamed the Gryphon.

"Turn a somersault in the sea!" cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.

"Change lobsters again!" yelled the Gryphon, at the top of its voice.

"Back to land again, and—that's all the first figure," said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice; and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice.

(CURTAIN)

GIVING OUT CHARADES

Read or tell, and let the others guess what the word is:

I am a word made up of two small words. My *first* is a bright color, my *second* gives a sound, and my *whole* is a wild flower.

(Blue-bell.)

I am a word made up of two small words. My *first* is a fruit, my *second* is a fruit, and my *whole* is a fruit.

(Crab-apple.)

I am a word of three letters.
My *first* you will find in a tortoise shell cat;
The place for my *second* is inside your hat;
My *third* is an insect you often may see;
When it rains, some people take shelter in me.

(Cab.)

I am a word made up of two small words.
In the winter time my *first* is seen,
When the weather's keen and cold;
And straight into my *second* made
By joyous children young and old.
If now my *whole* you'ld surely find
First and second you must bind,

And plain before your eyes you'll see
A winter favorite in round soft me.

(Snowball.)

We are little airy creatures,
All of different form and features;
One of us in glass is set,
A *second* will be found in jet;
And *one* of us is cased in tin,
And a *fourth* a box within;
If the *fifth* you would pursue,
It can never fly from you.

—*Jonathan Swift.*

(The vowels a, e, i, o, u.)

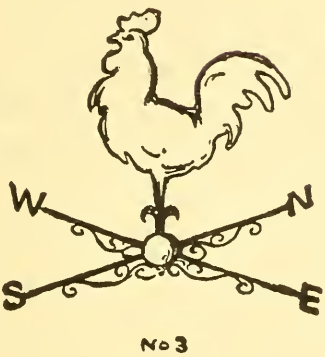
Make some up. Here are good words: *Side-board, ice-cream, mushroom.* You will think of many more.

MAKING UP PLAYS FOR CHARADES

Try making up plays for charades. These names would make good ones:

Little Red Riding Hood
Jack and the Bean Stalk
Old Mother Hubbard

(Bring in the word so that it will be the chief thing in the play, but not so that you give away the charade.)



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PICTURE NAMES OF PLACES

What place does the picture name?

Make up picture names for other places in America, in Europe, near your home.

tan

5

6

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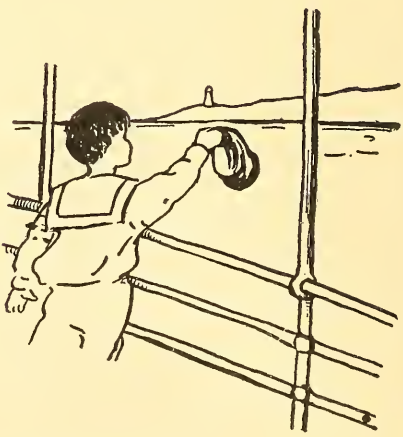


Picture Names of Places.

(See page 33)

PUZZLES IN SPELLING

Are you a good speller?

Spell live mouse-trap with three letters.

(c-a-t)

Spell dried grass with three letters.

(h-a-y)

Spell hard water with three letters.

(i-c-e)

Spell frozen rain with four letters.

(h-a-i-l)

Spell ground wheat with five letters.

(f-l-o-u-r)

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.

Spell me *that* in four letters.

(t-h-a-t)

Spell with three letters something to cover the head.

(h-a-t)

Spell cow with four letters.

(b-e-e-f)

Spell young sheep with four letters.

(l-a-m-b)

Spell sheep with six letters.

(m-u-t-t-o-n)

If when you're hungry
You would eat,
Join me at once
And take your seat.

(me at—meat)

Take four initials from the winds,
And in a certain order place;
You've tidings straight from every land,
I know it by your face.

(N. E. W. S.—news)

What word is shorter when you add a syllable to it?

(Short.)

Can you spell coffee-pot without spelling tea-pot?

(C-o-f, cof, f-ee, fee, coffee, p-o-t, pot.
You said *t pot*.)

Make one word of the letters in new door.

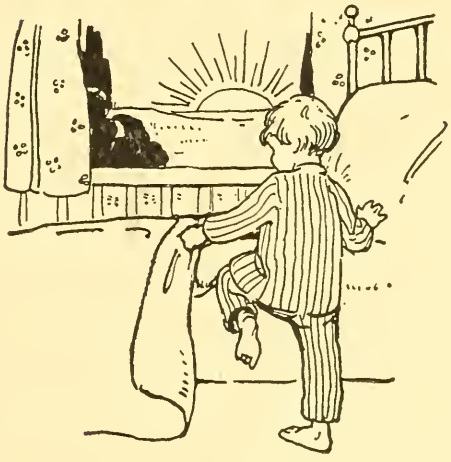
(One word.)

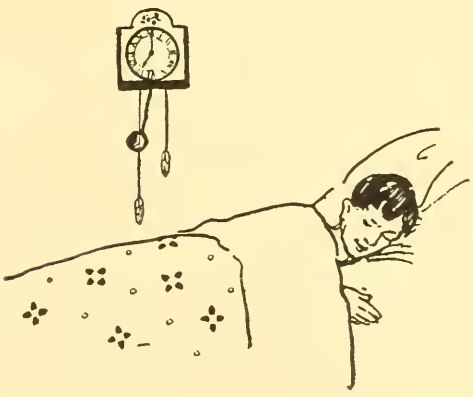
When may donkey be spelled with one letter?

(When it is you (u).)

Make up some yourself.

O me! have you heard?
The head's off a word.





Proverbs in Pictures.

PROVERBS IN PICTURES

Tell the proverb by the picture.

Get up a "proverbs in pictures" contest. Appoint judges of the pictures. Award a prize for the best.

CUTTING WORDS' HEADS OFF

Leave me whole and I'm something to sit in,
Cut off my head and I grow on yours;
Behead me again and I'll be near you
Day and night while life endures.
(Chair, hair, air.)

Put on my whole and fast you may whirl
Over the ice on a winter's day,
Strike off my head and out steps a girl
With a bloom on her cheeks like buds in May.
Behead me again and I change to a word
That tells all too plainly what dog did to bird.
(Skate, Kate, ate.)

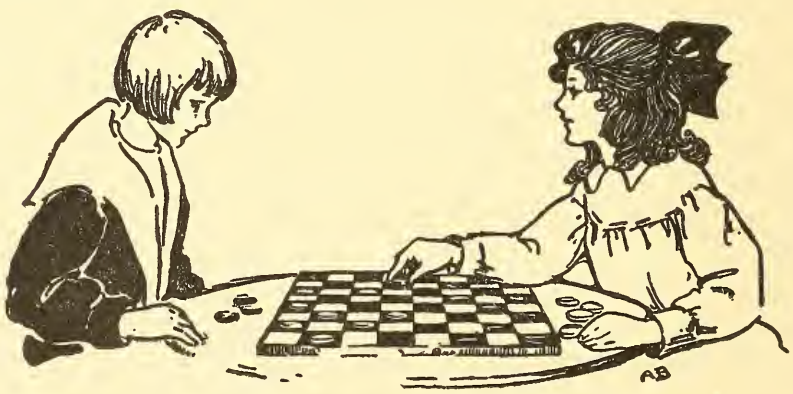
Whole, I go round with you over the land,
Behead me and you have me under your foot,
Behead me again and out I'll wriggle
To seek the deep waters of finny land.
(Wheel, heel, eel.)

Whole, I'm the fruit of the ripening grain;
Golden in sunshine, sparkling in rain;
Behead me, I'm daughter of light and of fire;
Take my head off again if so you desire;
But before you go on any farther than that
Behead me once more to see what you're at.
(Wheat, heat, eat, at.)

When whole I crawl down garden path,
My house I carry on my back;
Though you behead me I am longer
Than a pigmy carpet tack;
When next you strike be sure to hit
Not your finger but my head;
Alas, you've left me in such plight
I must betake me to my bed.

(Snail, nail, ail.)

Try making up some, in rhyme or not, as you please. It is good fun. Here are a few words: *plate* (*late, ate*); *cup* (*up*); *stable* (*table, able*); *glance* (*lance*); *charm* (*harm, arm*); *glowing* (*lowing, owing, wing*). You will think of many others.



MAKING WORD SQUARES

Did you ever try squaring words? The words you square must have the same number of letters in them and spell the same when read down and to the right; thus:

cat	hop	pot	bay
ate	one	ore	aye
tea	pet	tea	yes

tin	fond
ice	Ohio
net	nine
	does

Try some yourself; begin thus

boy	man
o	a
y	n

and fill out the square.

PUZZLES IN ARITHMETIC

I asked a woman how many ducks she had. She said: "Just now, as they ran down the path to the pond, I saw there was a duck in front of two ducks, a duck behind two ducks, and a duck between two ducks." How many ducks were there?

(Three ducks, one after the other.)

A certain room has eight corners. In every corner sits a cat, on every cat's tail sits a cat, and before each cat is a cat. How many cats in the room?

(Eight cats.)

Arrange as a square the numbers 1 through 9, making three rows of three figures each. The sum of each added up, down, or across must be 15.

2 9 4
7 5 3
6 1 8

A man has to cross a river with a fox, a goose, and some corn, but his little boat will hold only one at a time. Now if he should leave the fox and the goose and take the corn, the fox would eat the goose. And if he should leave the goose

and the corn and take the fox, the goose would eat the corn. What is he to do?

(Take first the goose, then the fox, next bring the goose back with him, then carry the corn over and come back for the goose.)

Try making up some arithmetic puzzles.

PLAYING PROVERBS

Half the children at a time may be players and half audience. The players decide on a proverb and play it before the audience. The audience may have three chances to guess the proverb. It is wise to appoint two judges whose duty it is to say whether the proverb has been played fairly.

Here are some good proverbs to play:

A cat may look at a king.
All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.
A stitch in time saves nine.
A rolling stone gathers no moss.
Better late than never.
Make hay while the sun shines.
Many hands make light work.
Too many cooks spoil the broth.
When the cat's away the mice will play.
Look before you leap.

Give a prize to the one who guesses most proverbs.

RIDDLES

See whether your playmates will guess these.

A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose,
A hundred eyes and never a nose.
(A cinder.)

As I went over Lincoln Bridge,
I met Mister Rusticap;
Pins and needles on his back,
A-going to Thorny fair.
(A hedgehog.)

As round as an apple,
As deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses
Can't pull it up.
(A well.)

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.
(A pair of tongs.)

As I went through the garden gap,
Whom should I meet but Dick Red Cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat.
If you'll tell me this riddle I'll give you a groat.
(A cherry.)

Little Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
With a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

(A candle.)

I have a little sister, they call her Peep, Peep.
She wades the waters, deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains high, high, high;
Poor little creature, she has but one eye.

(A star.)

Formed long ago, yet made to-day.
And most employed when others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
And fewer still to keep.

—*Hon. James Fox*

(A bed.)

Thirty white horses
On a red hill;
Now they tramp,
Now they stamp,
Now they stand still.

(The teeth.)

I saw you where you never were,
And where you could not be,
And yet within that very place
Your face I often see.

(In a looking-glass.)

Though I dance at a ball,
Yet I'm nothing at all:
What am I?

(A shadow.)

Pray tell me the answer I beg:
It has a broad foot
But no sign of a leg.

(A hill.)

If a pig wore a wig,
  What should we say?
    (Treat him as a gentleman
      And say, "Good day.")
If his tail chanced to fail,
  What should we do?
    (Send him to the tailoress
      To get one new.)

—*Christina G. Rossetti*

It has only one eye
  And that cannot see,
But my sister says,
  "It is useful to me."

(A needle.)

(Who were they?)
As I was walking through the woods,
  I heard them titter, "Te-he-he;

We've brought our trunks, but what's the use,
We haven't any lock or key."

(Trees.)

It is neither rich nor rare,
With small round head and ne'er a hair.

(A pin.)

Old Mother Twitchett
Has but one eye,
And a long tail
Which she lets fly,
And every time
She goes over a gap
She leaves a bit of her tail
In a trap.

(A needle and thread.)

There is something
That hasn't a leg to stand on,
But a round white face
With a short and long hand on.

(A clock.)

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

—*Sarah Roberts Boyle.*

(The grass.)

I met a little lady,
A stranger here mayhap;
She wore a gown of green,
She wore a scarlet cap.

Graceful was her figure,
Her manners very fine;
A fairy airy creature,
Her name was— —*Mary F. Butts*
(Columbine.)

Eagle of flowers! I see thee stand
And on the sun's noon-glory gaze;
With eye like his, thy lids expand,
And fringe their disk with golden rays.
—*Montgomery.*
(The sunflower.)

Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old time
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses,
Many, many welcomes
February fair-maid. —*Tennyson*
(The snowdrop.)

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour
And weathers every sky.

—*James Montgomery*
(The daisy.)

There is one that has a head without an eye,
And there's one that has an eye without a head:
You may find the answer if you try;
And when all is said,
Half the answer hangs upon a thread!

—*Christina G. Rossetti*
(A needle and thread.)

CONUNDRUMS

What is the highest public building in this part of the world?

(The public library has the most stories.)

I'll tell you something that will tickle you. What?

(A feather.)

Why is a crying baby like a sunflower?

(Because it's mostly yell-o(w.)

What is it that goes
Up and down,
Up and down,
Touching neither sky nor ground?

(A pump handle.)

What is it that comes once in a minute, twice in a moment, and never in a thousand years?

(The letter M.)

When do you become a country of South America?

(When you are Chile.)

What kind of ears has an engine?

(Engineers.)

What key is the hardest to turn?

(A donkey.)

When are cooks cruel?

(When they beat eggs and whip cream.)

What is that which goes up the hill and down the hill, and yet stands still?

(The road.)

What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water?

(A sponge.)

Why are washerwomen great travelers?

(Because they often go from pole to pole.)

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?

(When it runs down and strikes one.)

When is a chair like a lady's dress?

(When it is sat in.)

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?

(Quick.)

Who dares sit before the Queen with his hat on?

(The coachman.)

What looks most like the half of a cheese?

(The other half.)

If the alphabet were going out to a party when would the last six letters start?

(After T.)

What is the best thing to put into pies?
(Your teeth.)

Which are the oldest knives or forks?
(Fingers and teeth.)

What makes more noise than a pig under the fence?
(Two pigs.)

When was beef highest?
(When the cow jumped over the moon.)

Why is the sound of a bell like a circle of gold?
(Because it is a ring.)

Why do the queen's pages remind you of a railway?
(Because they are trainbearers.)

Why is the alphabet like the mail?
(Because it has letters in it.)

When is a sailor not a sailor?
(When he is a-board.)

How can a boy make his jacket last?
(By making his coat and waistcoat first.)

On what toe does a corn never come?
(The mistletoe.)

Why is an axe like coffee?
(It must be ground before it can be used.)

On what side of a house does a yew-tree grow?
(The outside.)

Why are washerwomen silly people?
(Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.)

What is the oldest piece of furniture in your house?
(The multiplication table.)

How do we know that the cow jumped over the moon?
(By the Milky Way.)

Why is a mischievous boy like a bottle of patent medicine?
(When taken he must be well taken.)

On what side of the mug is the handle?
(The outside.)

If you call a sheep's tail a leg, how many legs will he have?
(Four; calling a thing so doesn't make it so.)

Why do you always put on your left shoe last?
(When you have put one on, the other is left.)

What is the longest word in the language?
(*Smiles:* there is a mile between the first and the last letter.)

Tell me the name of the oldest whistler in the world and of the tune he whistles?

(The wind; he whistles "Over the hills and far away.")

How may you change a pumpkin into a squash?

(Throw it up and it will come down a squash.)

What is white and black and red (read) all over?

(A newspaper.)

Why is a policeman like a rainbow?

(Because he rarely appears until the storm is over.)

Why are clouds like coachmen?

(Because they hold the rains (reins).)

What is that which you may keep after giving to someone else?

(Your word.)

What is that which is invisible yet never out of sight?

(The letter *S*.)

What is the color of a grass plot covered with snow?

(Invisible green.)

What animal carries baggage?

(The elephant carries his trunk.)

What did Abraham Lincoln answer when asked how long a man's legs should be?

(Long enough to reach the ground.)

What two animals follow you everywhere?

(Your calves.)

There are
Three of us in six,
And five of us in seven,
Four of us in nine,
And six in eleven.
Who are we?

(Letters.)

What is taken from you before you can get it?

(Your portrait.)

When does a farmer behave rudely towards his corn?

(When he pulls its ears.)

Why would a spider make a good one to write letters to?

(He drops a line by every post.)

Where is the largest diamond kept?

(In the baseball field.)

How might you remove A from the alphabet?

(B-head it.)

What insect attends school?

(The spelling bee.)

What is the key of good manners?

(Be natural.)

Which is bigger, Mr. Bigger or Mr. Bigger's baby?

(The baby is a little Bigger.)

He can do little
Who cannot do this.

THE DO AS I DO CLUB

All except two of the players go out of the room, closing the door. The two left call one in and tell him he may join their club if he guesses its name. They politely give him a chair. The two now make every movement he makes and repeat every word he says. If he guesses the name "The Do As I Do Club," they shake hands with him and tell him he is now a member and may help to admit others. If, after a fair chance, he cannot guess they tell him he is not yet fit to join and politely bow him out of the room, calling in the next.

The name should be guessed in a whisper, that it may not be heard by those outside.

ALPHABET RHYMES

"Are you sure of your ABC's?"
"Yes, and my D's and T's."
Then without loss of time
Turn a neat alphabet rhyme.

MAKING RHYMING ALPHABETS

It is fun to make up rhyming alphabets, each player making a rhyme for a letter. Buy the wooden or cardboard letters in a toyshop, or cut large letters out of newspapers. Put them into a box, shake up, and give out to the players. Allow two minutes for the rhyme. Have the rhymes read in alphabetical order. Demand a forfeit from any player who fails to make a rhyme. The forfeit may be saying the alphabet backwards from any letter, wearing a dunce cap, wearing down the back a card printed, ABC Class.

Here are a few rhymes to show you how to do it:

A was an apple
That grew on a tree,
Till the wind sent it tumbling
Thump on me.

B was a bumble bee,
Burly and big,
He stung my left ear
And my feet danced a jig.

C was a cherry,
So round and so red,

With a stick in his hand
And a stone in his head.

D was a dumpling
Of apples and cream,
If you ate one at night
You had a bad dream.

Go on with the alphabet.

Make up a rhyming alphabet like the one in Mother Goose:

A was an apple-pie
B bit it
C cut it
D dealt it

and so on. Yours might be:

A was an alligator
B bleated at it
C caught at it
D ducked for it
E entreated it
F frightened it
G giggled at it
H halloed at it

and so on.

Make up animal rhyming alphabets, all the rhymes to be about animals; for example,

ANIMAL

A was an antelope,
Graceful and fleet;
When he heard the hound's cry
He beat a retreat.

B was a bear,
Burly and big;
He stood on his hind legs
And danced with a pig.

Make up toy rhyming alphabets; for example,

TOY

A was an air ship
That through the air soared;
The birds saw it passing
And cried, "All aboard."

Make up story people rhyming alphabets; for example.

A was Alice
In wonderland,
Where she did some things
She hadn't planned.

YE MERRIE FESTIVAL

Garlanded and crowned,
Gather we around,
To greet with song and play
This gladsome festal day.

MAY DAY

The most charming way to celebrate May Day is to dress in white and walk in procession to a nearby wood or park. Here some of you should make a throne of moss and boughs for the May Queen. Some should weave for her a crown and sceptre of flowers. Some should go off to find a tall, slim pole to be used as the May pole. The rest should weave wreaths of spring flowers for everyone and twine garlands to be wound about the May pole.

When everything is ready, choose the May Queen, lead her to the throne, crown her and give her the sceptre of flowers, crying, "Hail, Queen of the May!" Now bring the May pole, and fasten the garlands to the top. Two of you may now hold the May pole firmly in place, the rest catch up the ends of the garlands and circling about the pole, twine them about it, as they sing spring songs.

After this, it is time to go home, carrying the May pole and singing.

Here is a spring poem to sing:

SPRING

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant
king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a
ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and May make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all
day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

—*Thomas Nash*

Play this in honor of the New Year. Invite your parents to it.

A NEW YEAR'S PAGEANT OF GOOD RESOLUTIONS

The children greet the young New Year, as he is crowned by Father Time, and declare their good resolutions.

PLAYERS

The New Year:—A young child.
Father Time:—One of the older children.
Reverence to Parents:—First child.
Kindness to Animals:—Second child.
Attention to Studies:—Third child.
Enjoyment of Play: Fourth child.
Little children as birds, other children as singers and dancers.

COSTUMES

(IF DESIRED)

The New Year: White with silver border, cloak of cotton batting painted with black spots (to look like ermine), silver crown and sceptre, number of year showing on crown.
Father Time: White wig and beard, long brown robe, in hand scythe or sickle of cardboard.
Reverence to Parents: White, wreath and bouquet of white roses.
Kindness to Animals: White, wreath and bouquet of red roses.

The New Year Crowned by Father Time.

Attention to Studies: White, book in hand.
Enjoyment of Play: White, wreath of green smilax, kite in hand.
Birds: Brown.
The rest of the children: White, blue ribbons.

(On a throne is seated the New Year. Father Time places in his hand a sceptre and on his head a crown. From all sides children troop joyously toward the throne.)

FATHER TIME

Here come the children,
O little New Year,
With promises sweet
Thee to greet;
Quick feet dancing,
Glad eyes glancing
Joy's new birth
Into every vein
Of the wishful earth.
Here at thy feet
They would repeat
Their firm resolves
Of service meet.

THE FIRST CHILD
AS
REVERENCE TO PARENTS
(Stepping forward.)

O parents dear, whom I love best
And in whose love I'm richly blest,
Thy words I firm resolve to heed
And prove my love by loving deed.
No fretful frown I'll e'er allow
Lodgment on my childish brow,
Within my heart ingratitude
Shall ne'er its ugly form intrude,
But love and reverence there shall rest
Sovereign lord within my breast.

THE SECOND CHILD
AS
KINDNESS TO ANIMALS
(Stepping forward.)

I'll hurt no helpless living thing,
Crawling worm or birds that sing,
Fish that in the waters cool
Hide for fear in shady pool,
Frisky colt whose back I stride,
Cat or dog the hearth beside;
But with all creatures, I will dwell,
Whether of sea or earth or air,
In gentleness and friendship fair.

While the Third Child is speaking, a cage, full of very little children as birds, is formed on one side of the stage, hidden by the children standing near the throne. At the last words these children move aside and see it. They open the door (draw back the ribbons) and set the birds free.

To form the cage: A tall child holds a pole with a spreading yellow top like that of an umbrella; yellow ribbons from the center of the top's upper side fall to the floor as the wire bars.

The birds huddle inside the cage, peeping faintly.

SONG
OF
CHILDREN SETTING BIRDS FREE

We'll open the door of the
captive cage
And set all the wild birds
free!
Hark! the whirr of wing,
As the birds upspring!

(The little children, moving their arms as if birds' wings, fly about and off the stage.)

Away through the air and
sunshine bright,
Up to the blue of heaven's
height,
They wing and soar,
To droop no more!

The Birds Are Set Free.

In the leafy bough of the
forest tree
They'll nest, and sing in
ecstasy
Bird melody
Of wild joy, free!

(Bird notes and trills behind the scenes.)

THE THIRD CHILD
AS
ATTENTION TO STUDIES

Knowledge I'll seek and helpful skill,
My lessons do with cheerful will,
Tables I'll con till to 9 times 6
The answer comes pat as conjurer's tricks,
I'll know all the words in the spelling book
Nor think to depend on a last good look,
I'll turn from a story to do my sums
And shut my ears to the roll of drums,
When soldiers come marching down my street
I'll twist my toes round the chair legs' feet;
The master's commands I'll straight obey
Nor let my thoughts inattentive stray,
Rebuke I'll take with heart all meek,
And diligent will I wisdom seek.

THE FOURTH CHILD
AS
ENJOYMENT OF PLAY
(Bounding forward.)

When tasks are done, with joyous shout
I'll call my playmates to come out,
And away we'll go with a whoop and a spring,
To wrestle and tumble, to catch and fling,
To run a race to a distant goal,
Or roll a hoop or climb a pole,
To walk on stilts at a dizzy height
All things to view with a loftier sight,
To wave my cap and never fall
And pretend not to be on stilts at all;
O little New Year, I'd love to play
From morn till night each summer's day,
But as I am resolved no task to shirk
I'll stop my play when it's time for work.

(All the children, led by Enjoyment of Play, sing and do joyously what the song tells. All their movements are in time to the music of the song.)

PLAY AND SONG OF JOYOUS CHILDREN

Two by two; (They march two by two.)
March out of school,
Careful not to
Break the rule.

Red line in,
And red line out,
Now we circle
All about.

(They play red line; with as little breaking of the line as possible they form a circle.)

Squat tag,
Cross tag,
Puss-in-corner;
Mary's caught,
Hush! don't warn her.

(They squat, cross fingers, play puss-in-the-corner.)

Hide and seek,
And marble statues,
Still, don't move—

(They play hide and seek, and marble statues.)

Hark, the bell!
Mark it well!
Recess is done,
Into school
Goes everyone.

(A bell sounds; all stop playing.)

Two by two,
March into school,
Careful not to
Break the rule.

(They march off, leaving grouped about the New Year the four resolutions.)

FATHER TIME

(Moving off.)

Speed on thy way,
O happy New Year;
In every place
Children will greet thee
With smiling face:
Make them strong to do
And patient to bear;
Let love attend them
Everywhere!

(CURTAIN)

In our wild menagerie
Beasties mar-vel-ous you'll see!

A WILD BEAST SHOW

PLAYERS

Showman	Hyena
Keeper	Panther
Lioness	Tiger
Bear	Monkey
	Lion

(The beasts are of course boys or girls covered with animals' skins. The yard may be a back room with folding doors or curtains. The cages may be made with screens covered in front with netting. The chairs for the people may be in the front room.

Make the show as "real-looking" as possible. At the entrance, print up in large letters the price of admission (so many pins or buttons, or perhaps a foreign stamp). The ticket-taker may keep calling, "Get your tickets here for the wonderful wild beast show," or whatever he thinks will attract the crowd. Now and then one of the animals should roar. It helps also to put up large colored pictures of animals. A few boys or girls should go about selling peanuts and lemonade (for pins, buttons, stamps).

When the doors (or curtains) are drawn the animals set up a terrific roaring. The showman cracks his whip, they become silent. He then begins to show off each beast in turn.

The keeper passes from cage to cage, feeding the animals or talking to them or sweeping in front of their cages.

A quick way to break up the show is to let a few of the wild beasts loose among the audience.

To make fun, a pet monkey may play pranks on the keeper and showman.

If there are too many lines for one showman to learn have several players for this part. The showman should say the lines in loud sing-song tones. (Most of the lines are from an old book called "Poetry for Children," by Charles and Mary Lamb. If you find some of the words hard to pronounce, ask a grown person to help you.)

THE SHOW

Showman (bowing to the people and pointing to his menagerie):

Within the boundaries of this yard,
Each in his narrow prison barr'd,
Dwells every beast that may be found
On Afric or on Indian ground.

(The beasts stand on their hind legs and howl at the people. The showman cracks his whip, they lie down silent.)

Showman (going over to the cages):

In that uneasy close recess
Couches a sleeping lioness;
That next den holds a bear; (The bear rolls over.)
the next (The wolf snarls,
A wolf, by hunger ever vext. showing his teeth.)

(The monkey snatches off the keeper's hat. The keeper makes after him and gets it back, shaking his fist. Each time the monkey is chased the other animals rage and roar.)

Showman:

There fiercer from the keeper's lashes,
His teeth the fell hyena gnashes;
That creature on whose back abound
Black spots upon a yellow ground,
A panther is.

(The monkey climbs up on the showman's back and begins to make the same movements he has seen the showman make: point out the beast, turn to people, and so on. The showman shakes him off, and shows him the whip. The monkey slinks back to his place.)

Showman:

That catlike beast that to and fro
Restless as fire does ever go,
A tiger is. Observe how sleek
And glossy smooth his coat; no streak
On satin ever match'd the pride
Of that which marks his furry hide.
How strong his muscles! he with ease
Upon the tallest man could seize;
In his large mouth away could bear him,
And into thousand pieces tear him.

(The monkey makes off with food from the keeper's basket. The keeper and the showman chase him and lock him up in an empty cage.)

Showman:

That lordly creature next to him
A lion is. Survey each limb.
In force and swiftness he excels
Each beast that in the forest dwells;
The savage tribes him king confess
Throughout the howling wilderness.
Woe to the hapless neighbourhood
When he is press'd by want of food!
Of man, or child, or bull, or horse
He makes his prey, such is his force.

(At a nod from the showman the keeper pulls the nets from the cages, the beasts rush out among the people, howling. This of course puts an end to the show.)

ANOTHER WAY TO HOLD A WILD BEAST SHOW

PLAYERS

Showman.
One or two assistants.

Build up a menagerie with screens, covered in front with a curtain. Behind the curtain have a small table with a mirror on it. Tell your assistants to hide behind the cages and imitate the roaring of lions and tigers, and the braying of a donkey.

As soon as everything is ready and the people in their places, take your place as showman in front of the curtain, and invite the people to view the animals. Explain that only one person may come at a time as too many would excite the animals.

As the first person steps up, ask him which animal he wishes to see first. (The donkey now sets up a long, loud braying.) He will at once say (or you suggest) that he wishes to see a donkey. Conduct him to the mirror, where he sees his own face.

Warn him to keep the secret. (He will be sure to, so that the next player may be caught.)

Bring out the droll puppets
And let's give a show;
I'll be the showman
And you must all go.

THE TRAVELING SHOW OF MOTHER TABBYSKINS

It is great fun to play traveling showman. All you need is a very simple playhouse on wheels, some boys or girls as helpers, and of course the show. To add to the fun your helpers may put up ahead of time signs telling the name of the play to be given, the time and place, and the price of admission (perhaps pins, buttons, or stamps).

A wheelbarrow, an open express wagon, or a pair of wheels on an iron or wooden frame will do to move the show from place to place. On the wheels place a good-sized box so that its open top will be the back of the house and the bottom the front.

Cut a square opening in the front of the house, at one side, for a window, and cut an opening from top to floor at the end of the other side, for a door. Place three boards, each about a foot in width, as ground, or street, on the front and both sides of the house. Be sure that the street is level with the floor of the house, so that it will be easy to make the players go in and out the doorway.

If you wish, you may paint the house dark brown or green. Hang a pair of curtains of the same color as the inside walls at the back, and a bright chintz curtain at the window and at the door. If you sew rings to the curtains and hang the curtains on strong cords, or better, brass rods, you will find it easier to draw them.

THINGS NEEDED INSIDE THE HOUSE

A small stool or chair at the window.
A doll's bed opposite the doorway.

PLAYERS

Mother Tabbyskins:—A stuffed chintz cat, wearing a cap and a shawl, spectacles.

Kittens:—Three stuffed chintz kittens.

Doctor Mouse:—A stuffed gray or brown mouse, on wheels, with a small leather bag hung around the neck.

Doctor Dog:—A stuffed chintz dog, wearing a high hat, a muffler around his neck, a coat and trousers. He should stand on his hind legs, on wheels, and carry a cane in one front paw and a bag in the other.

A Child:—A boy or a girl.

A Second Child:—A boy or a girl.

Other Children:—Several boys or girls.

HOW TO MANAGE THE PUPPETS

The showman should have all the players in place before he opens the show: Mother Tabbyskins seated inside at the window, the Kittens in a row outside facing her, the Children playing jacks or something else off to one side of the house, Doctor Mouse and Doctor Dog, with strings attached to their legs, back, out of sight, at either side, ready for their part.

The showman will need two strings on the dog's feet, one to draw the dog into the house, and one on the opposite leg to turn him around and draw him out. He must have the strings laid along the street and the floor of the house so that the ends come out at the back, where he pulls them.

The showman works from the back, behind the curtains, keeping out of sight. He or one of his helpers does the talking for the puppets, moving or turning them to make them look as if they were talking. He should give each player a suitable voice.

To make it look as if Mother Tabbyskins eats Doctor Mouse, the showman jerks her forward in the bed with one hand and pulls the mouse out at the back with the other. As the curtain has been drawn across the doorway when Doctor Dog prepares to eat Mother Tabbyskins, the showman has a good chance to stuff Mother Tabbyskins inside the Doctor's coat.

MOTHER TABBYSKINS

A Child (pointing out Mother Tabbyskins):

Sitting at the window,
In her cloak and hat,
There is Mother Tabbyskins
The *real* old cat!

The Other Children (singing out together):

(Chorus.)
Very old, very old,
Crumplety and lame;
Teaching kittens how to scold.
Is it not a shame?

(They hobble up and down, as if lame.)

A Second Child (pointing out the kittens):

Kittens in the garden
Looking in her face,
Learning how to spit and snarl.
Oh, what a disgrace!

(The kittens spit and snarl.)

The Other Children (singing out together):

Very wrong, very wrong,
Very wrong and bad:
Such a subject for a song
Makes us all too sad.

(They run over to chase away the kittens. The showman's assistant pulls the strings. The First Child does not go. He watches Mother Tabbyskins.)

Mother Tabbyskins (sticking out her head howls):

Mi—eow—eow—eow!
Mi—eow! (short and sharp).

(She hobbles down from the window.)

(At her cry the children run over to see what is the matter.)

The First Child (telling them what has happened):

Old Mother Tabbyskins,
Sticking out her head,
Gave a howl, and then a yowl,
Hobbled off to bed.

The Other Children (singing out together):

Very sick, very sick,
Very savage, too;
Pray, send for a doctor quick—
Any one will do!

(A mouse comes along.)

A Third Child (catching sight of him):

Doctor Mouse comes creeping,
Creeping to her bed.

(The curtain on the door is drawn back. Mother Tabbyskins is seen in bed. Doctor Mouse goes in and over to the bed. The children go near the house (but do not hide the doorway), the Third Child in the lead. He goes on telling the others what he sees and hears.)

The Third Child:

Lanced her gums and felt her pulse,
Whispered, "She is dead."

The Other Children (singing out together):

Very sly, very sly,
The *real* old cat,
Open keeps her weather eye—
Mouse! beware of that.

Mother Tabbyskins, with a cry, springs on the Mouse.

The Third Child cries out:

Old Mother Tabbyskins,
Saying, "Serves him right,"
Gobbled up the doctor, with
Ill-concealed delight.

The Other Children (singing out together, as they run away):

Very fast, very fast,
Very pleasant, too—
"What a pity it can't last;
Bring another, do."

(CURTAIN)

(Doctor Dog comes along quickly.)

The Third Child (catching sight of him):

Here's Doctor Dog come running.

(The children run back.)

(Doctor Dog stands at the door a minute.)

The Third Child (going on):

Just to see her begs; (Going nearer to admire him.)
Round his neck a comforter,
Trousers on his legs.

The Other Children (singing out together):

Very grand, very grand—
Golden-headed cane
Swinging gaily from his hand,
Mischief in his brain.

Doctor Dog:

"Dear Mother Tabbyskins,
And how are you now?
Let me feel your pulse—so, so;
Show your tongue—bow, wow."

The Children (mimicking a doctor):

Very ill, very ill;
Please attempt to purr;
Will you take a draught or pill?
Which do you prefer?

(Doctor Dog turns toward door, barking. The curtain is drawn to let him in, then let down.)

The First Child (looking at the closed door):

Ah, Mother Tabbyskins,
Who is now afraid?
Of poor little Doctor Mouse
You a mouthful made.

The Other Children (listening, sing out together):

Very nice, very nice,
Little doctor he;
But for Doctor Dog's advice
You must pay the fee.

The Third Child (who has been looking in at the window):

Doctor Dog goes nearer,
Says she must be bled;

The First Child (listening):

I heard Mother Tabbyskins
Screaming in her bed.

(Mother Tabbyskins cries out, mi-eow, mi-eow.)

The Other Children (listening, sing out together):

(Chorus.)

Very near, very near,
Scuffling out and in,
Doctor Dog looks full and queer—
Where is Tabbyskin?

(The door is opened; Doctor Dog comes out, looking very fat. The bed is seen to be empty.)

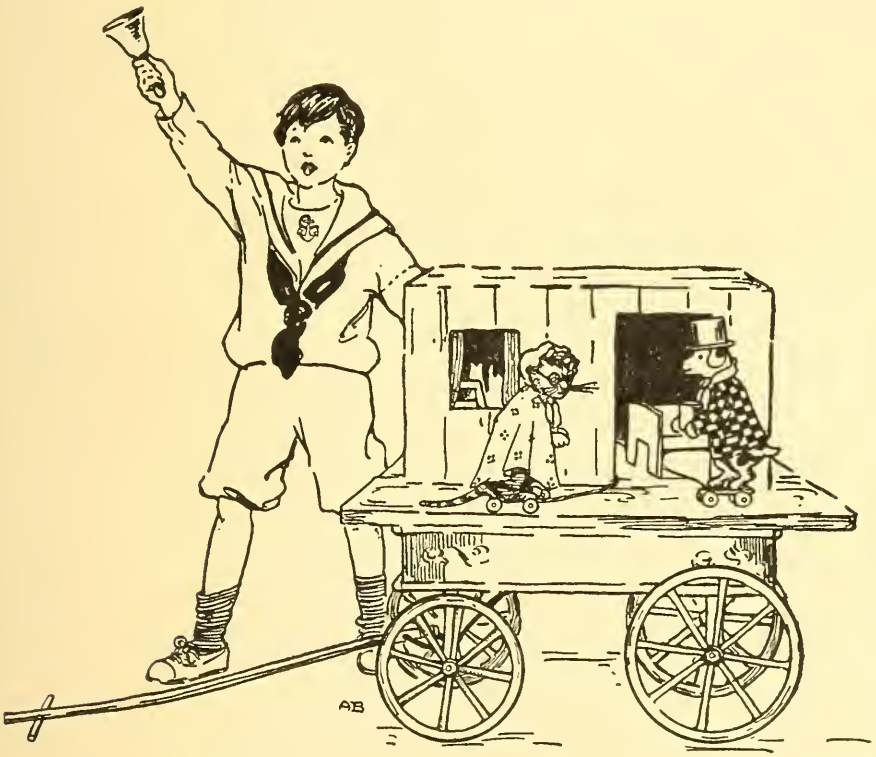
The Second Child (holding up his forefinger):

I will tell the Moral
Without any fuss;

Those who lead the young astray
ALWAYS suffer thus.

(END OF THE PLAY)

(The traveling showman comes out, bows to the people, and prepares to move off to another place.)



The Traveling Showman.

PUPPET PLAYS

THE PUPPET THEATRE

A toy theatre is fun. Get or make a wide, open box about four feet long. Stand the box on end. The open side will be the back of the theatre. Now take out most of the wood at the top, so that you have an open top. In the upper part of the front cut an opening about a foot and a half, to show a stage. Make the floor of the stage by putting boards across on rests nailed to the inner sides of the theatre. With cross pieces give the theatre a high pointed front—this will hide you when you are at the back. Paint the theatre brown or dark green. Hang curtains on rods across the front and the back of the stage.

MAKING THE PUPPETS PLAY

Stretch wires from one side to the other, across the top of the stage, about two inches apart. Fasten wires or strings to the puppets and hang the puppets on the wires across the top of the stage. Keep the puppets close to the sides, behind the curtains, until needed. When needed move them out into place on the stage. (See that some go on at one side and some at the other. A little practice will show you also which should go on the same wire with others and which should not.)

It is of course better fun not to let yourself be seen

as you put on the players. For this reason it is wise to set up the theatre between portieres or screens that will hide you.

You do the talking for the puppets, but you make them look and act as if they are doing it. This is easy. All you have to do is to lift or bend or turn or move forward or back whichever puppet is talking.

A Puppet Show.

THE PUPPET PLAY OF THE PRINCESS ON THE PEA

(From Hans Andersen's story.)

PLAYERS

(Sawdust dolls dressed for their parts.)

Prince: Boy doll, golden hair, velvet knee breeches and jacket, silk stockings, slippers, sword, cap with plume.

King: Boy doll, gray wig, cloth breeches and cloak with ermine trimming (cotton batting spotted black with ink or coal), silk stockings, slippers, sword, crown.

Queen: Girl doll, gray wig, satin gown with train, ermine trimming, crown.

Princess: Girl doll, shabby dress.

ACT I

The prince cannot find a real princess.

Scene: The King and Queen talking to the Prince, who has just arrived home.

King: Well, my son, have you found a princess to marry?

Prince (speaking sadly): Alas! no, father. Not a *real* princess.

Queen: Have you searched everywhere?

Prince: I have traveled all over the world.

Queen: And you found no princesses?

Prince (sighing): There were princesses enough, but whether they were real princesses I could not quite make out. There was always something that did not seem quite right.

(He sighs deeply.)

(CURTAIN)

ACT II

A princess comes in out of the storm and rain.

Scene: The Prince is by himself at one side of the stage; the King and the Queen at the other grieve over his sadness.

Queen: He is still sad. Surely there must be a real princess somewhere.

(There is a crash of thunder (the showman's assistant bangs together tin pans, behind the stage), then a downpour of rain. (Another assistant, keeping his body and hand out of sight, pours water from a watering-can into a pail at the open back of the stage.) In the midst of the storm there is a knocking at the gate outside.

The three start up and listen.)

King: I will see who it is.

(He goes over to one side.)

Princess (speaking outside): May I come in?

King: Who are you?

Princess: I am a princess.

The Princess on the Pea.

(She comes in.)

Queen: What! a Princess! with the rain running down your hair and in at the points of your shoes and out at the heels. Fie!

Princess (sweetly): Yes, I am a real princess.

Queen (nodding her head, thinks aloud): Well, we shall soon find that out.

She goes to the other side. (The showman pushes out from side a bed.) She takes all the bedding off. (The showman of course does this, pulling it off by means of strings.)

Queen: Now we'll see whether she is a real princess. I'll place a tiny pea on the bedstead (the showman lets it down by means of a string) and pile twenty mattresses upon the pea and twenty eider-down beds on top of the mattresses. (The showman does this.) There! She shall sleep on that to-night, and we'll soon see whether she is a princess.

(CURTAIN)

ACT III

The Prince finds a Princess.

Scene: The Queen next morning inquiring how the Princess has slept; the King and the Prince nearby.

Queen: How did you sleep last night?

(The Prince goes nearer to hear her answer.)

Princess: Oh, miserably! I scarcely closed my eyes all night long. I lay on something hard, so that I am black and blue all over. It was dreadful!''

Prince (starting forward, joyfully): She *is* a real princess. No one could be so tender but a real princess.

(The two rush toward each other.)

Queen (to King): Wasn't that clever of me?

King: The pea shall be placed in the museum,
And if no one take it away
There it shall stand for ever and aye.

(CURTAIN)

THE TOP AND THE BALL

A PUPPET PLAY

(From Hans Andersen's story.)

PLAYERS

The Top: A large toy top, a face marked out on it in heavy white lines.

The Ball: A large rubber ball painted a shiny brown to look like morocco, a face marked out on it in heavy white lines.

Owner of top: A boy doll.

Servant-girl: A girl doll in servant's cap and apron.

THINGS NEEDED FOR THE PUPPET PLAY

Three other tops of same make and size as first, one red and yellow, one old and shabby, one gold.

A shabby, rain-soaked ball of same shape and size as first.

Tiny cans of red paint, yellow paint, gilding; a brush.

A box in which to place the Top and the Ball.

A dust-box.

HOW TO MANAGE THE TOP AND THE BALL

Place them in a box tipped forward enough so that they may be seen. (They are of course hung by wires from the wires across the top of the stage.)

The boy only pretends to paint the top. With a quick movement the showman puts forward, in its place, another top already in the box, but hidden.

HOW TO SPEAK FOR THE TOYS

The showman may do the speaking himself or he may let an assistant do it. It will make the toys seem more toylike and also delight the audience to give them queer, small voices, the top's with a wooden or humming sound in it, the ball's light and high. By moving the toy, lifting it, making it bow or turn its face or back, or go nearer or farther away, the speaker makes it look as if it were doing the speaking.

ACT I

The Top tries to get the Ball to love him.

Scene: The Top and the Ball lying together in a box.

The Top (turning toward the Ball): Shall we not love each other, living here together in the same box?

The Ball lifts herself proudly and turns away from the Top.

A boy comes to the box with red and yellow paints and a brush. He paints the top red and yellow. He then goes out.

The Top (eagerly, to the Ball): Look at me! What do you say now? Will you not love me? We go so well together! You jump

and I dance. No one could be happier than we should be!

The Ball (tossing her head): Indeed! Do you think so? Perhaps you do not know that my papa and my mamma were morocco slippers, and that I have a cork in me?

The Top: Yes, but I am made of mahogany, and the mayor himself turned me. He has a turning lathe of his own and he amuses himself with it.

The Ball (eagerly, turning toward him): May I be sure of that?

The Top (hopefully, moving nearer): May I never be whipped again if it is not true!

The Ball (drawing back): You talk well for yourself. But I cannot do what you ask. I am as good as half engaged to a swallow. Every time I leap up into the air he sticks his head out of the nest and says, "Will you? Will you?" And now I have said "Yes" inside, and that is half engaged. But I promise never to forget you.

The Top (moving back): Much good that will do!

(CURTAIN)

ACT II

THE BALL DISAPPEARS

The Boy comes to the box, picks up the Ball, and goes out. The Top looks after the Ball. The boy outside plays with the ball, throwing it up into the air. He counts aloud the bounces, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 (throwing it so that it will bounce outside the open back of the stage, where the Top and the audience may see it). (The showman does this outside.)

The Top (watching the ball): How high she flies into the air! Like a bird!

After the ninth count, the boy throws the ball so that it does not come down. He comes in, looking all about for it, can't find it, says, "It's lost," and runs off.

The Top (sorrowfully): I know very well where she is. She is in the Swallow's nest, and has married the Swallow.

(CURTAIN)

ACT III

THE END OF EACH

The Top, now looking old and faded, lies alone in the box. The Ball shabby and rain soaked, lies in a dust-box nearby. (These are the other toys put in the places of the first.) The Boy comes in,

carrying gold paint and a brush. He gilds the top (the showman puts a gilt top in its place) and carries it off with him. He spins it again and again. (The showman spins it outside the open back of the stage. He keeps himself out of sight.) At last it springs high and comes down into the dust-box. (The showman makes it fall into the dust-box.) The Boy comes in searching for it, but cannot find it. "Now that's gone too," he says, and goes out.

The Top (from dust-box). Here's a nice place to lie in! The gilding will soon leave me here. And what a rabble I've come amongst!

He looks at a round thing like an apple—the Ball, now faded and old.

The Ball (turning toward the Top): At last here is someone with whom one may talk. (Moving a little nearer): I am really morocco, sewed by hand, and have a cork in me. But no one would think it to look at me. I came very near marrying a Swallow, but I fell into the gutter on the roof, and have been there five seasons. That's a long time, you know, for a young girl.

The Top says nothing.

The servant comes to empty dust into the box. She sees the Top.

Servant: Aha, there's a gold Top! It's much too good to be thrown away. If little mas-

ter doesn't want it, I'll give it to a boy who does. She stoops to pick it out of the dust-box.

(CURTAIN)

SHADOW PLAY

THE SHADOW STORY OF THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN AND HER COMPANY

Shadow play is the best fun of all.

THE SHADOW SCREEN

All you have to do is to stretch a stout piece of cord across a part of the room where there is a good light, hang on the cord curtains of stuff that will not let the light through, and put up between the two curtains, on a cord stretched a little behind the other, a sheet. Now cover the sheet near the top with stuff that will keep out the light. Do the same with the lower part of the sheet high enough to hide you where you stand behind it. The portion of the sheet left between the top and bottom coverings is to be the shadow screen.

THE SHADOW PLAYERS AND PIECES

The pieces needed for The Little Old Woman and her Company are a fireplace, a spinning wheel, and a chair. The players are a little old woman, about 6 inches high, and a much bigger old man, about 10 inches high.

Draw the outlines of the pieces on thin wood or stiff cardboard, and cut them out carefully. The woman and the man must be made with movable parts. (You need only a sideways figure of the woman but a full front figure of the man.) Draw

Shadow Play.

and cut each part by itself. The woman's head may wear a cap. Make holes at the joining places and fasten the parts together with wire hooks that will not come undone easily. Fasten a string to any part that is to be moved. (You may be able to find in a toyshop jumping jacks all made that will suit. But it is more fun to make them yourself.)

To make the man as queer and funny as possible, give either a pointed or square shape to all his parts. Cut holes in both figures for eyes. Cut out a nose and a mouth also in the man's face.

SHOWING THE FIGURES ON THE SCREEN

Keep the curtains drawn across the screen until everything is ready. Fix in place close to the screen, on a narrow ledge placed across the lower edge, the fireplace and near it the spinning wheel and the chair. Seat the little old woman in the chair, one hand holding the thread and one placed as if turning the wheel.

Arrange where you can get at them easily, the strings that move the upper part of her body (as she sways back and forth while she spins—you need not try to keep this up too long), and that move her feet (when she jigs at the end).

Now get the man ready. He is to appear on the screen part by part. As you must not let yourself nor your hands be seen, the best thing to do is to stand on a chair behind the curtain at the side where the man is to appear and let the parts down on the

seen by means of strings. You must be sure to keep your hands above the covering at the top of the screen. You will need a little practice in hooking the parts together easily. (Use well open hooks with a good catch.)

When everything is ready your helpers should put out all the lights in the room except the one behind the screen. They should now draw back the curtains before the screen.

Now tell the story, and as you tell it show what happened as follows:

One night a little old woman sat all alone by the fire spinning and wishing for some one by the fire to keep her company. (She is shown seated, spinning.)

And still she sat,
And still she spun,
And still she wished for company. (Swaying in time to your telling.)

And by and by in from somewhere came a pair of big, big feet and sat down by the fireside. (The feet come on the stage.)

And still she sat,
And still she spun,
And still she wished for company.

In came a pair of small,
small legs and sat down on (The legs come in.)
top of the big, big feet.

And still she sat,
And still she spun,
And still she wished for company.

In came a pair of thick,
thick, knees, and sat down on (The knees come in.)
the small, small legs.

And still she sat,
And still she spun,
And still she wished for company.

In came a pair of thin,
thin thighs, and sat down on (The thighs come in.)
the thick, thick knees.

And still she sat,
And still she spun,
And still she wished for company.

In came a pair of huge,
huge hips, and sat down on (The hips come in.)
the thin, thin thighs.

And still she sat,
And still she spun,
And still she wished for company.

In came a wee, wee waist, and sat down on the huge, huge hips. (The waist comes in.)

And still she sat,
And still she spun,
And still she wished for company.

In came a pair of broad, broad shoulders, and sat down on the wee, wee waist. (The shoulders come in.)

And still she sat,
And still she spun,
And still she wished for company.

In came a pair of small, small arms, and hung down from the broad, broad shoulders. (The arms come in.)

And still she sat,
And still she spun,
And still she wished for company.

In came a small, small neck, and sat down on the broad, broad shoulders. (The neck comes in.)

And still she sat,
And still she spun,
And still she wished for company.

In came a huge, huge head, and sat down on the small, small neck.

(The head comes in.)

So now the whole of him was there, and the little old woman found her tongue. Quoth she:

(The little old woman now stops.)

How did you get such big, big feet?

(The little old woman may speak in a high squeaky voice; the man in a gruff voice. Move the figure to look as if speaking.)

Quoth he:

Much tramping, much tramping (gruffly).

How did you get such small, small legs?

Ai-h-h-h-h (sighing and whining in self pity), up late and little to eat.

How did you get such thick, thick knees?

Much praying, much praying (piously).

How did you get such thin, thin thighs?

Ai-h-h-h-h (sighing, as before), up late and little to eat.

How did you get such huge, huge hips?

Much stooping, much stooping (gruffly).

How did you get such a wee, wee waist?

Ai-h-h-h-h (as before), up late and little to eat.

How did you get such broad, broad shoulders?

With carrying brooms, with carrying brooms (gruffly).

How did you get such small, small arms?

Ai-h-h-h-h (as before), up late and little to eat.

How did you get such huge, huge hands?

Threshing with an iron flail, threshing with an iron flail (gruffly).

How did you get such a small, small neck?

Ai-h-h-h-h (as before), up late and little to eat.

How did you get such a huge head?

Much thinking, thinking, much thinking, thinking (sharply).

"Well," said the little old woman, "what do you come for?"

"For you!" he shouted at the top of his voice, "to keep you company."

(He springs toward her. She springs up, and the two dance a jig.)

And so the little old woman had her wish; and the little old man had plenty to eat after that, and might go to bed as early as he liked.

(CURTAIN)

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

(A Shadow Story.)

THINGS NEEDED

A cardboard chair and a cardboard table. A group of cardboard people—ladies, gentlemen, children. A cardboard castle. A cardboard duck, a beetle, and a mouse.

A dish of beans and bacon—colored beans and strips of paper.

THE SHOWMAN'S PART

He stands below the screen and puts up the figures as he tells the story. He may hold them by pieces of cardboard left on for the purpose. His assistants put up the castle, holding it by a cardboard handle; also the people, a group (in one piece) held by a cardboard handle. They put on, in the same way, the dish of beans and bacon. The showmen must keep themselves and their hands out of sight. To get the toys into position to dance on their heads, use hooks or strings to turn them upside down with a quick but steady movement. This will take some practice. When it comes to toddling to their beds make them toddle off the stage at the sides.

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

(Verses by Edward Lear.)

Said the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,"
Said the Table to the Chair.

(The Table and the Chair are shown near each other.)

Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now, you know we are not able:
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we cannot walk!"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.
I've as many legs as you:
Why can't we walk on two?"

(The Chair leans toward the Table.)

(The Table leans toward the Chair.)

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town

(Several people—flat, cardboard men, women, children—appear, staring with wide open

With a cheerful, bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round;
And everybody cried,
As he hastened to their side,
"See! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!"

eyes and open mouths to watch the Table and the Chair. The two go bumping along close together.)

But in going down an alley,
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

(The stage shows at one end a castle. Nearby are a Duck, a Beetle, and a Mouse. The Table and the Chair move about as if lost. They stop in front of Duck, Beetle, and Mouse. All five turn back, the three leading.)

Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon."

(The Table and the Chair whisper, their heads together. A dish of beans and bacon appears. They all crowd around it. They dance on their heads. They toddle off.)

So the Ducky and the leetle
Browny-Mousy and the Bee-
tle
Dined, and danced upon their
heads
Till they toddled to their
beds.

(CURTAIN)

Try telling this as a shadow story; you will find it easy:

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

(Edward Lear.)

In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, oh, Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married, too long we have tarried;
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in the wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."

So they took it away and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Let's pretend Arabian Nights
And tell o'er a thousand tales;
The fire, it flares in witch lights,
And the Nightmare sweeps by on wild gales.

Stories are the best of all. There is room for only a few in this book, but that is no matter. You know a great many: Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant Killer, Aladdin. Tell them. Play some of them, making up the play yourself. Sometimes try making up stories; it is fun.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

A long time ago, when wishing was having, there were a king and a queen who wished every day that they had a little child, but they never had one. Now one day, when the queen was bathing, a frog poked his head up out of the water and said, "You shall have your wish; before another year has rolled around you shall have a daughter."

And what the frog said came true! Before the year was out the queen had a little girl, who was so lovely that the king was overjoyed and ordered a great feast.

He invited to the feast not only his relatives and friends, but also the Wise Women that they might be kind to the child. There were thirteen of them in the kingdom but as he had only twelve golden plates for them to eat from he had to leave one out.

Well, the feast was held with great splendor and after it the Wise Women came forward to give their magical gifts to the babe. One said, "She shall be as beautiful as the dawn"; another "She shall be as graceful as a fawn"; another, "She shall sing as sweetly as a nightingale"; another, "She shall play on the lute and the harp"; another, "She shall have gold and sil-

ver"; another, "She shall be as good as she is beautiful." When the eleventh had given her gift, the thirteenth, who had not been asked to the feast, rushed in. She was in a fury because she had not been invited. Without greeting anyone she shook her finger at the babe and cried in a loud voice: "The king's daughter shall in her fifteenth year prick herself with a spindle and fall down dead." And without saying a word more she turned around and left the room.

Everyone was shocked. But the twelfth, whose wish was still unsaid, came forward: "I cannot altogether undo the evil," said she, "but only soften it; the princess shall not die; she shall fall into a deep sleep that shall last a hundred years."

And the king, to keep his dear child from pricking her finger, ordered that all the spindles in the land should be burned.

As the little princess grew up all the gifts of the Wise Women came to her and she was so beautiful and wise and good that everyone loved her.

Now it happened that on the very day she was fifteen years old she wandered all about the palace, looking into all the rooms till at last she came to an old tower. She climbed up the narrow winding staircase until she reached a little

door. A rusty key was in the lock. When she turned it the door sprang open and there in the little room sat an old woman spinning flax.

"Good day, old dame," said the little princess; "what are you doing?"

"I am spinning, fair child," said the old woman, nodding her head.

"What is that, that rattles round so merrily?" said the girl, and she took the spindle in her hand to look at it. But no sooner had she touched it than the magic wish came true; she pricked her finger with it, and fell down in a deep sleep.

And this sleep went over the whole palace; the king and queen went to sleep and the whole court with them. The horses, too, went to sleep in their stalls, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall; even the fire that was flaming on the hearth became quiet and slept, the roast left off frizzling, and the cook, who was just about to box the ears of the scullery boy because he had forgotten something, kept his hand where it was and slept. And the wind fell, and on the trees before the castle not a leaf moved. And around the castle there grew up a hedge of thorns so high that nothing of the castle could be seen, only the tip of the topmost tower.

The story of the "Sleeping Beauty," for so the princess was named, went about the coun-

try, and from time to time men came and tried to get through the thorny hedge into the castle but the thorns held them like hands and they could not get loose again and so died. And the story went far and wide.

Well, after long, long years, just when the hundred years had passed, a king's son came into that country and heard an old man talking about the thorn hedge and the beautiful princess who had been asleep behind it for a hundred years. The old man had heard the story, he said, from his grandfather, who used to tell that many a brave man had attempted to break through the hedge and find the princess. The moment the youth heard the tale he felt that the task must be his. "I am not afraid," said he; "I will find the beautiful maiden."

Off he set straightway and lo! when he came to the hedge its thorns changed into flowers and it opened of itself to let him pass unhurt, then closed again behind him. In the castle yard he saw the horses and the spotted hounds lying asleep and on the roof of the stable sat the pigeons with their heads under their wings; and everywhere was no sound but a gentle breathing. In the castle the flies were asleep on the wall, and in the kitchen the cook was still holding out his hand to box the boy, and the maid was sitting

by the black hen she was going to pluck. He went into the great hall and there he saw all the ladies and gentlemen in waiting and the pages lying asleep, but their lips were red and their cheeks rosy, and up by the throne lay the king and queen. Then he went on still farther and all was so quiet that he could hear his own breath and came at last to the tower and opened the door. And there he saw a sight so beautiful that he could not turn his eyes away; it was the sleeping princess, fairer than the dawn; and he knelt by her side and kissed her. And lo! as soon as he did so she opened her eyes and looked at him sweetly.

Then they went down together. And the king awoke and the queen and the whole court and looked at one another in great astonishment. The horses in the stalls woke up and shook themselves; the hounds jumped up and wagged their tails; the pigeons took their heads from under their wings, looked around, and flew away into the open country. The flies on the wall crept again, the fire in the kitchen blazed and the joint began to turn and frizzle, the cook gave the boy such a box that he said, "Wow, wow," and the maid plucked the fowl.

And that very day the prince married the princess and they lived happy forever and ever after.

—*Folk Tale*

THE BREMEN TOWN-MUSICIANS

A certain man had a donkey. This donkey had carried the corn-sacks to the mill for many a long year. But his strength was going, and he was growing more and more unfit for work. Then his master began to think how he might best save the donkey's keep. But the donkey, seeing that no good wind was blowing, ran away and set out on the road to Bremen. "There," he thought, "I can surely be town-musician."

When he had walked some way, he found a hound lying on the road, gasping like one who had run till he was tired. "What are you gasping so for, you big fellow?" asked the donkey.

"Ah," replied the hound, "as I am old, and daily grow weaker, and no longer can hunt, my master wanted to kill me. So I took to flight; but now how am I to earn my bread?"

"I tell you what," said the donkey; "I am going to Bremen, and shall be town-musician there. Come with me and engage yourself also as a musician. I will play the lute, and you shall beat the kettledrum."

The hound agreed, and on they went.

Before long they came to a cat sitting on the

path, with a face like three rainy days! "Now then, old shaver, what has gone askew with you?" asked the donkey.

"Who can be merry when his neck is in danger?" answered the cat. "Because I am now getting old, and my teeth are worn to stumps, and I prefer to sit by the fire, rather than hunt about after mice, my mistress wanted to drown me, so I ran away. But now good advice is scarce. Where am I to go?"

"Go with us to Bremen. You understand night music, so you may be a town-musician."

The cat thought well of it, and went with them. After this the three came to a farm-yard, where the cock was sitting upon the gate, crowing with all his might. "Your crow goes through and through one," said the donkey. "What is the matter?"

"I have been foretelling fine weather, but guests are coming for Sunday, so the housewife has no pity, and has told the cook that she intends to eat me in the soup to-morrow, and this evening I am to have my head cut off. Now I am crowing at full pitch while I can."

"Ah, but Red-comb," said the donkey, "you had better come away with us. We are going to Bremen; you may find something better than death anywhere. You have a good voice, and

if we make music together it must have some quality!"

The cock agreed to this plan, and all four went on together. They could not, however, reach the city of Bremen in one day, and in the evening they came to a forest where they meant to pass the night. The donkey and the hound laid themselves down under a large tree, the cat and the cock settled themselves in the branches; but the cock flew straight to the top, where he was most safe. Before he went to sleep he looked round on all the four sides, and thought he saw in the distance a little spark burning. So he called out to his companions that there must be a house not far off, because he saw a light. The donkey said, "If so, we had better get up and go on; the shelter here is bad." The hound thought that a few bones with some meat on would do him good too!

So they made their way to the place where the light was, and soon saw it shine brighter and grow larger, until they came to a well-lighted robber's house. The donkey, as the biggest, went to the window and looked in.

"What do you see, my grey-horse?" asked the cock.

"What do I see?" answered the donkey; "a table covered with good things to eat and drink, and robbers sitting at it enjoying themselves."

"That would be the sort of thing for us," said the cock.

"Yes, yes; ah, how I wish we were there!" said the donkey.

Then the animals thought together how they might drive away the robbers, and at last they hit on a plan. The donkey was to place himself with his fore-feet upon the window-ledge, the hound was to jump on the donkey's back, the cat was to climb upon the dog, and lastly the cock was to fly up and perch upon the head of the cat.

When this was done, at a given signal, they began their music together: the donkey brayed, the hound barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed; then they burst through the window into the room, so that the glass clattered! At this horrible din, the robbers sprang up, thinking no less than that a ghost had come in, and fled in a great fright out into the forest. The four companions now sat down at the table, well content with what was left, and ate as if they were going to fast for a month.

As soon as they had done, they put out the light, and each sought for himself a sleeping-place that suited him. The donkey laid himself down on some straw in the yard, the hound lay behind the door, the cat upon the hearth near the warm ashes, and the cock perched himself upon

a beam of the roof. And being tired with their long walk, they soon went to sleep.

When it was past midnight, and the robbers saw from afar that the light was no longer burning in their house, and all looked quiet, the captain said, "We ought not to have let ourselves be frightened out of our wits." So he ordered one of them to go and examine the house.

The messenger finding all still, went into the kitchen to light a candle, and, taking the glistening fiery eyes of the cat for live coals, he held a match to them to light it. But the cat did not understand the joke, and flew in his face, spitting and scratching. In great fright he ran to the backdoor, but the dog, who lay there, sprang up and bit his leg; and as he ran across the yard by the straw heap, the donkey gave him a smart kick with its hind foot. The cock, too, who had been awakened by the noise, cried down from the beam, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The robber ran back as fast as he could to his captain, and said, "Ah, there is a horrible witch sitting in the house, who spat on me and scratched my face with her long claws; and by the door stands a man with a knife, who stabbed me in the leg; and in the yard there lies a black monster, who beat me with a wooden club; and above, upon the roof, sits the judge, who called

out, 'Bring the rogue here to me!' so I got away as well as I could."

After this the robbers did not trust themselves in the house again; but it suited the four musicians of Bremen so well that they did not care to leave it any more.

And the mouth of him who last told this story is still warm.

—*Folk Tale*

THE CANDLES

There was a great Wax-light that knew well enough what it was.

"I am born in wax, and moulded in a form," it said. "I give more light and burn a longer time than any other light. My place is in the chandelier, or in a silver candlestick."

"That must be a charming life!" said the Tallow-candle. "I am only of tallow,—only a tallow dip; but then that is better than to be a mere taper, dipped only two times: I am dipped eight times, to get a decent thickness. I'm satisfied. It would, to be sure, be luckier still to have been born in wax, and not in tallow; but one doesn't place himself in this world. They are put in great rooms, and in glass candlesticks. I live in the kitchen,—but that is a good place, too: they get up all the dishes in the house there."

"But there is something that is more important than eating!" said the Wax-candle. "Good company,—to see them shine, and shine yourself. There is a ball here this evening. Now I and all my family are soon to be sent for."

Scarcely was this said, than all the Wax-lights were sent for,—but the Tallow-candle too. The mistress took it in her delicate hand, and carried

it out into the kitchen. There stood a little boy with a basket that was full of potatoes, and a few apples were in it too. The good lady had given all these to the poor boy.

"Here is a candle for you, my little friend," said she. "Your mother sits up and works far into the night,—she will use this."

The lady's little daughter stood by her, and when she heard the words "far into the night," she said eagerly, "And I'm going to sit up till night, too! We're going to have a ball, and I'm to wear big red bows for it."

How her face shone! yes, that was happiness! No wax-light could shine like the child's eyes.

"That is a blessed thing to see," thought the Tallow-candle. "I shall never forget it, and certainly it seems to me there can be nothing more." And so the Candle was laid in the basket under the cover, and the boy took it away.

"Where am I going to now?" thought the Candle. "I shall be with poor folks, perhaps not once get a brass candle-stick; but the Wax-light is stuck in silver, and sees the rich ones! What can there be more delightful than to be a light among fine folks? That's my lot,—tallow, not wax."

And so the Candle went to the poor people, a

widow with three children, in a little, low room, just over opposite the rich house.

"God bless the good lady for what she gave!" said the mother; "it is a splendid candle,—it will burn till far into the night."

And the candle was lighted.

"Pugh!" it said. "That was a horrid match she lighted me with. One hardly offers such a thing as that to a wax-light, over at the rich house."

There also the wax-lights were lighted, and shone out over the street. The carriages rumbled up to the rich house with the guests for the ball, dressed so splendidly; the music struck up.

"Now they're beginning over there," felt the Tallow-candle, and thought of the little rich girl's bright face, that was brighter than all the wax-lights. "That sight I never shall see any more."

Then the smallest of the children in the poor house came—she was a little girl—and put her arms around her brother's and sister's necks. She had something very important to tell, and must whisper it.

"We're going to have this evening,—just think of it,—we're going to have this evening warm potatoes!" and her face beamed with hap-

piness. The Candle shone straight at her, and saw a happiness, as great as was in the rich house, where the little girl said, "We are going to have a ball this evening, and I shall wear big red bows."

"Is it such a great thing to get warm potatoes?" thought the Candle. "Well, here is just the same joy among the little things!" and it sneezed at that,—that is, it sputtered, and more than that no Tallow-candle could do. The table was spread, the potatoes were eaten. Oh, how good they tasted! it was a real feast; and then each got an apple besides, and the smallest child sang the little verse,—

"Now thanks, dear God, I give to Thee,
That Thou again hast filled me. Amen."

"Was not that said prettily?" asked the little girl.

"You mustn't ask that or say it," said the mother. "You should only thank the good God, who has filled you."

And the little children went to bed, gave a good-night kiss, and fell asleep at once; and the mother sat till far into the night, and sewed, to get a living for them and herself. And from the rich house the lights shone, and the music sounded. The stars twinkled over all the

houses, over the rich and over the poor, just as clear, just as kindly.

"That was in truth a rare evening," thought the Tallow-candle. "Do you think the wax-lights had any better time in their silver candle-sticks? That I'd like to know before I am burnt out!"

And it thought of the happy children's faces: the two alike happy, the one lighted by wax-light, the other by tallow-candle.

Yes, that is the whole story.

—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

ANSWERS TO PICTURE NAMES OF ANIMALS

1—Donkey
2—Monkey
3—Peacock
4—Robin
5—Sparrow

ANSWERS TO PICTURE NAMES OF PLACES

1—America
2—New Jersey
3—Pennsylvania
4—Newfoundland
5—Manhattan
6—Delaware
7—Maryland

ANSWERS TO PROVERBS IN PICTURES

1

When the cat's away
The mice will play.

2

Too many cooks spoil the broth.

3

A bird in the hand
Is worth two in the bush.

4

Early to bed
And early to rise,
Makes a man healthy,
Wealthy and wise.

5

A stitch in time saves nine.

6

If you would thrive,
Rise at five;
If you've thriven,
You may lie till seven.

7

Slow and steady wins the race.

8

Many hands make light work.

9

Two heads are better than one.

THE END

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